

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

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W. P. WALTON.

TRACKS OF CRIME.

ALL CRIMINALS VIOLATE LAW ACCORDING TO CERTAIN RULES.

No Original Ideas Among the Law-Breaking Classes—The Certainty with Which Crime Averages Up—Short-Sightedness of Rogues.

— (Daily Free Press) "The study of crime brings forth some curious facts," observed an old detective the other day. "While you may know just how a certain shot in a boudoir ought to be made, it may not be possible to make it successfully. So with our business. We may be able to pick up all the clues in a murder case, but the next thing is to catch the murderer."

"What are your curious facts?"

"One of them is that all criminals commit crimes after certain rules. It is rarely, indeed, that you find a crook working on an original idea. The burglar works after the style of 100 years ago. The thief has no new ideas. All our robbers are committed after what might be called the old-fashioned way. I sometimes wish some offender would develop something new in law-breaking. For instance, I can point you to a case where as many as thirteen attempts have been made to enter a certain residence within the last two years, and each attempt at the same window with the same tools. Isn't that monotonous?"

"Another of the curious facts is that crime averages up with as much certainty as the weather of the crops. If it rains, it will rain; if it will snow, the next. If it falls off in one season it will pick up at another, so that your figures for one year will not vary greatly from another, except there are special reasons for it. We could almost as many criminals to prison each year, about as many give us the slip, about as many commit their first offense, have a close shave from state prison and are frightened into being honest lives."

"A third curious fact is the shortsightedness of criminals, even when crime is deliberately planned. In a recent case in the interior of the state last year, a murderer the murderer claimed that some one reached into the bedroom window and hit his wife with a club, thus causing her death. In his confession, made in four or five days, he acknowledged that he had been planning this crime for weeks. Now see how blind he was. The window-sash was nailed down at each corner. He broke one nail and left the other! He was unable to see that no man, no matter what his height, could have crawled into the window far enough to strike any one on the test, even with a two-handled. In planning his perfect safety, he committed half a dozen of the stupidest blunders ever read."

"Take the case of the average burglar. It comes to be known around his usual haunts that he is broke for cash. Indeed, he volunteers the information himself, makes a haul and returns to give himself dead away by his reckless extravagance."

It is the same with the common thief. It would steal and hide his plunder for awhile, but would give us more hard work, but the felon with him seems to be that if he is not noticed in the very act he has nothing to fear. He can't wait to dispose of his plunder, and his manner of offering it for sale is a give-away in itself. The old thief learns caution, of course, but the oldest of them drop their pliers here and there."

"See how easy it is to draw a map of crime." The band robber will sooner or later seek to negotiate with bankers or brokers. The store robber will work his sills and vaults off at auction. He may not personally, but his "fence" will. The clerk or cashier, who is embedding from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per year, will spend it in wine, cards, horses, and with evil company. When he makes a grab of \$10,000 you can depend upon his going to Canada or Mexico. The thief who steals a harness, silver pitcher, garden hose or other article, wants the cash for straight away, and may figure on turning him up at some second-hand store or the pawn broker's."

"The rules of crime are as plain as the tracks of a rail road. You can figure to a moral certainty what a criminal should do and will do, but that isn't catching him. There hasn't been a murmur commented in Michigan for twenty years without my feeling morally certain as to the murderer, but what I feel leads to conviction are two different matters."

"And one of the curious facts is that so many criminals give themselves away. Not one man in thirty can commit murder without eventually sharing his secret with some one. The burden of guilt seems too great for one pair of shoulders. Some criminals will overdo the thing, and by the volume of their confessions excite suspicion. Others show guilt by timidity, and yet others by their show of indifference or cheek. I have picked up an offender on the street with no other clasp than his manner of glancing at his fellow pedestrians. I have arrested others who looked everybody in the face as frankly as if they felt it a crime to steal a strawberry. They were overdoing the thing by too much frankness."

"Tell me to-day the name of a man in any certain business whom you have reason to believe is hard up and cannot pull through his financial straits, and I can tell pretty closely as to what will result. If he belongs to a certain class there will be an honest assignment. If to another certain class there will be a long, chattel mortgage, or some of the stock will be smuggled away. If to a third, there will be an inventory to dispose of the insurance. You can count on these rats in crime, certainly as upon the seasons, but the criminal who follows them very often gets to the end of the furrow and takes a new departure before he can be overtaken."

DR. HOSANKE.

This name has become so familiar with the most of people throughout the United States that it is hardly necessary to state that it is the original of the great Dr. Hosanske's Cough and Lung Syrup, the people's favorite remedy, whenever known, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and all afflictions of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents and \$1.00, sold by M'Roberts & Stagg.

GEO. O. BARNES

Continues His Notes on What He Saw
In Paris.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]
"PROSPECT POINT," LANDON, N. Y.—
DIA April 22, 1855.]

DEAR INTERIOR.—I send another installment of my diary:

Paris, Monday, Feb. 16.—We put in the time famously to-day, visiting the Tuilleries first, one of the pleasure places of the last Empire; built in exquisite taste on high ground fronting the Champs de Mars and only separated from it by the Seine. The most notable thing in its lovely grounds is a subterranean grotto aquarium, where light shines through the tanks from above, and, through, nothing nearer fairy land can be imagined.

Then across the Seine by one of Napoleon's bridges and across the Champs de Mars to the great man's tomb in the Hotel des Invalides. More impressed than ever with its unapproachable grandeur. By far the most striking of the sights in beautiful Paris.

Then we went to San Clothilde, a church containing along its walls 14 tabernacles of sculpture, in low relief, illustrating the trial and crucifixion of our LORD. Wonderful for graphic power of grouping and exquisite finish. The church is handsome, but one only cares to look at its Chef d' Ouvre, for how can we carry away from any one place more than a single thing where there are so many to visit. Studying up the minutiae of each spot, in a guide book, as some do, would drive me frantic, unless I had a day apiece to give to all the notable sights. But Paris in 5 days! One must economize eye and brain or get worse than nothing in the chaos of confusion consequent on the hopeless attempt to take all in.

After dinner we took 'bus and came up for a stroll in the Palais Royal. I had never conceived anything so dazzling, so familiar as was with the display in London (shops) as the windows of these famous jewelry stores. If was the wonder working Aladdin's lamp that had surely been spreading out these attractions for the eyes; yet not the taste of genil, but the elegant refinement of human ingenuity that had distributed these glittering jewels and treasures of gold and silver to attract purchasers. We looked till the glitter wearied us and then went home and slept as tired tourists only can.

Ever in Paris, like the gables of a marble or stone house 8 or 10 feet high, 3 or 4 wide, unadorned, stiff and apparently used as a receptacle of flowers wreaths of immortelles. They were burying a famous soldier while we were there and the mob was marching the members, (seen by the papers the next morning that we narrowly escaped witnessing a riot that might have resulted in something very serious but for the forewarning of the authorities.)

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky. June 12, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

THE Courier-Journal is making some strong arguments against the licensing of crime, which the allowance of bail in murder cases by Circuit Judges virtually amounts to. The immediate occasion of the articles is the recent action of Judge Finley in granting bail to Johnson, the cowardly assassin who waylaid and murdered in Bell county Mr. Napier and daughter as they were returning from church. The Judge's excuse for allowing bail was that a precedent had been established to that end, but as he is responsible for that precedent the act is none the less reprehensible unless we assume that two wrongs make a right. Judge Finley has made an enviable reputation in dealing with a certain class of law-breakers, namely the whisky sellers, upon whom he visits the severest penalty of the law, but this leniency to murderers, the worst enemies of the Commonwealth, is a blot on his fair fame, that no other performance of duty can counterbalance. It is a pandering to the lawless and murderous spirit which prevails in several of the counties of his district, which has done more than any one thing to foster crime. Perhaps the safety of his person demands that he shall show this deference to murderers; if so it is a fearful state of affairs and he would do well to hold court until all the protection of the Commonwealth is afforded him. Johnson hardly deserved the form of a trial, let alone such consideration as bail, and to turn him loose upon society was a crime against the moral if not the statutory law. We know the disadvantages that Judge Finley labors under and it can only be remedied by giving the Governor power, as our contemporary suggests, to order a judge from one circuit to another, when in his judgment a change would promote the ends of justice.

THE Sayre Female Institute at Lexington dispensed with the usual essay at commencement this year and other institutions might follow the example with profit. The *Press* thinks it a move in the right direction and adds: It is no reflection on female intellect to say that it is an infliction on an audience to sit in a crowded hall, and listen through weary hours to essays written, perhaps, by the sweet girl graduate. It is not reasonable to expect any very new or startling thoughts, or any opinions which would tend to revolutionize an established evil, something at which the "sweet girl graduates" invariably strike. Their scholastic struggle has been with text books, and the opinions which they have formed have necessarily been circumscribed. They have had no time for extended literary research, and as a natural sequence their ideas are crude and their opinions are contracted. Young ladies can not write too much while at college. Every essay they write renders them more perfect in the art of composing, and prepares them a more elegant vehicle for the thoughts which they may in future desire to convey to the public ear. Let them write and rewrite, but do not let the public patience be taxed by listening to them.

THE New York *Sun*, which did all in its power to defeat Cleveland and prevent the change it refers to, is forced to say: "We have now had a democratic administration for three months. The union still exists, no disturbance has occurred, the wheels of the government move smoothly, there has not been a single jar. Instead of the danger apprehended from a change, the people find only improvement and more reason for confidence. The mere sweeping out of the republicans from the White House has wrought a great reformation, and when they go generally from the offices the good work will be more emphatic. The South introduces no discord and makes no pretensions, but quietly pursues its path of progress, only happier and more hopeful than before. The freedmen are on better terms with their old masters than ever before since emancipation."

THE Governor has gallantly come to the rescue of Miss Fannie Bryson, a young lady of Louisville, who shot another because she had lured the affections of her lover from her, and wiped out with a pardon the sentence of a year in the penitentiary, which an unenthusiastic jury imposed on her.

LOT WRIGHT, that most offensive of partisans, has been ordered down and out of the U. S. Marshalship at Cincinnati and a gentleman placed in his position, Col. Henry C. Urner. Col. Urner is a lawyer by profession and was formerly president of the Chamber of Commerce.

THE New York *World*'s last Sunday edition reached 162,500, to print which required 54,808 pounds of paper, or a continuous sheet 384 miles in length. No other office in the world consumed as much and the edition was the largest ever printed in the Western hemisphere.

There are 700 applicants for the position of internal revenue agent and as there are but 20 such places in all the States, 680 poor devils are doomed to disappointment. But a man who lives by the hope of office should die by it.

LIGHTNING struck the Washington monument the other day and split the capstone and one below for four feet. They will have to be replaced, and it will add greatly to the already heavy cost of the structure, which was \$1,100,000.

ISAAC PALMER CALHOUN, of Louisville, who it seems had nothing to assign, has made an assignment.

THE English Government is all torn up. The Parnellites refused to support the budget proposed by the Gladstone Ministry, which contemplated the re-enactment of what is considered obnoxious laws for the government of Ireland, and it was defeated by a small majority. Gladstone and the other members thereupon tendered their resignations to the Queen. An additional tax on beer and whisky is what excited the impulsive populace and gave the opposition grounds for charging oppression on the poor man.

THE President has appointed ex-Senator Attila Cox, of Owenton, to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the 5th district. Of him the Louisville *Times* says: As merchant, banker and legislator, he has made an enviable record, and it is no disservice of the other excellent gentlemen who sought the appointment to say that no better selection could have been made. A thorough business man, industrious, courteous and capable, Mr. Cox will make a Collector of whom Kentucky and the service may well be proud.

THERE seems now to be no doubt about Mr. James R. Marr's appointment as post master of Danville. Gov. McCrory has recommended him, we learn, and as he is all powerful in such appointments, Mr. Marr is sure to be the man. A better one could not be found and we predict that the Danville people will say with one accord in a few months, that they have never been more satisfactorily served than by the new postmaster.

THE venerable banker and benefactor, W. W. Corcoran, proprietor of the famous Art Gallery which bears his name, will leave Washington July 1 to visit White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., for the fifty-third successive season. He has been there every summer since 1832, and always taken his own cook with him, which accounts, says an exchange, for his survival beyond the years allotted to some other visitors.

NO OTHER candidate appearing, Hon. Chas. Offutt has been declared the democratic nominee to represent Bourbon county in the next Legislature. As speaker of the last House Mr. Offutt made a reputation as a quick, impartial and well informed parliamentarian. He is a rising young man and destined to fill many important positions in the gift of his people.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Statistics show that Southern prisons contain 12,000 convicts.

—An authority asserts that of the 92,000 insane persons in the United States, 40,000 are not in asylums.

—The jury in the case of Mrs. Munday, on trial at Lexington, charged with killing her husband, disagreed.

—The total tobacco offering at Paducah last week was 700 hogheads, the value of which exceeded \$100,000.

—G. W. Cokerell, a brakeman on the Kentucky Central, was killed while coupling cars at Cynthiana Wednesday.

—The republicans met at Springfield, O., to nominate a candidate for Governor and place a general ticket in the field yesterday.

—It is estimated that the Illinois wheat crop will be less than 10,000,000 bushels this year, against 32,000,000 bushels last year.

—Aufmire, the defaulting officer at the Sub-Treasury at New Orleans, has fled to Mexico, where he is interested in some mines.

—George K. Speed, bank cashier, of Louisville, is short in his accounts to the amount of \$20,000. Relatives compromised with the bank.

—Mrs. Nettie McDermott, a bride of two weeks, suicided at Louisville by drowning from the steamer Diamond, on which herself and husband were employed.

—At Keene, in Jessamine county, Roger Riggs, late of Breckenridge county, shot and mortally wounded a man named Baker. They quarreled about a young lady.

—The Directors of the Lebanon Creamery held a meeting Monday night, and, in view of the low price of butter, decided to suspend operations till Sep. 1.—[Standard.]

—Appointment Clerk Higgins, of the Treasury Department, estimates that since the 4th of March 40,000 changes have been made in the Federal offices in the United States.

—Gov. John Ireland, of Texas, in 1815 drove the stage between Louisville and Nashville. He studied law, went to Texas, rose in the profession, and is now Governor.

—A Richmond, Va., dispatch says that the motion for a new trial in the case of Thomas J. Cluverius, who murdered his cousin, Miss Lillian Madison, has been overruled.

—Controller Durham has decided to withhold the payment of money due by the United States to the State of Mississippi while the latter owes the Government taxes, till the question can receive the attention of Congress.

—It is believed that the clerks of the Railway Mail Service are preparing to strike in case any of their number are dismissed. They do not propose to remain and instruct new men and then be turned out of their positions one by one.

—At Brees, in Madison county, a fight occurred between William Harris and Mitchell Preston on one side, and James Johnston on the other, in which Johnston shot Harris dead and was in turn instantly killed by Preston. John T. Disney, a friend of Johnston's, then shot at Preston, wounding him. All the parties are desperate characters. Harris and Johnston had been selling whisky on some sort of partnership terms, and falling out had taken their case to court where it was decided in favor of Johnson. Harris and Preston, who had been his witnesses, then went on the hunt for Johnston and provoked the fight.

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—The body of the late A. H. Stephens was removed from Atlanta to Liberty Hall Wednesday, where the burial took place. Gen. Toombs was the orator.

—Harry Somerville, the young man who forged Mrs. Hansom's name for a considerable amount, has been given two years in the penitentiary by the Fayette court.

—The testimonials and presents received by Gen. Grant at home and abroad, which were presented to the Government by Mrs. Grant, will be taken to Washington this week.

—Mrs. E. H. Tubman, one of the wealthiest and at the same time one of the most charitable women in America, died at Augusta, Ga., aged about 90 years. The deceased was born near Frankfort, Ky.

—The buildings of the Eastern Lunatic asylum, at Williamsburg, Va., were destroyed by fire. Loss \$125,000. One female patient perished in the flames, and another wandered away and was drowned.

—Suit against ex-Gov. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose failure has been reported, charged him with obtaining various sums of money on false representations, and that he was worth over \$500,000 clear of all indebtedness.

—Adjutant General Drum has just completed the list of casualties during the rebellion. The number of deaths was 350,400; of these 29,408 occurred in Southern prisons. The total number of troops engaged during the war was 2,772,408.

—The grand jury has returned true bills against the Louisville Press Company, alias Zich, Phelps, alias B. DuPont, publisher of the *Commercial*, Y. E. Allison, managing editor, and George W. Smith, reporter, for uttering criminal libels upon Mayor Reed.

—A woman at Chicago has just had a dead child removed from her womb after thirteen years' lodgment there. The operation killed her. The fetus presented a dark color and is about nine inches in length. Most of the muscles had disintegrated, but the skeleton was perfect and intact.

—John Stapleton, Jr., the murderer of Callahan Whitt, was taken from the Mt. Sterling jail yesterday to Salyersville, Madison county, for trial. There are twelve

murder cases on the docket, eleven of which grew out of the above killing. The lawless condition of affairs can be duplicated in one half dozen of the Eastern Kentucky counties and there can be no hope for a betterment until the mountaineers raise more hemp and less murderers.—[Commercial.]

—In Callaway county, some time since, Mr. Samuel Stubblefield maliciously shot Mr. Abe Curd and was sent to jail. Mr. Curd recovered from his wounds, and, with malice aforesighted, got into a second difficulty and cut his man, as a result of which he joined Mr. Stubblefield in jail.

—To day the two distinguished participants in malicious misdeeds walked in twin shackles and hand-cuffs into the penitentiary at Frankfort and began the settlement of their accounts with the State.—[Times]

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

—The church at this place has failed to secure a preacher up to this time. This fact does not speak well for Mt. Vernon or its citizens.

—A "select" crowd of young folks will "have a picnic" near W. B. Whitehead's Saturday next. The object is to pick all the strawberries they can eat.

—Mr. Nicholson has employed Bennett Joplin to assist him in painting on the court-house. It is beginning to show up a nice appearance.

—The cemetery at this place is in a shameful condition. A number of the basal stones have fallen to the ground, graves have sunken, fences are mostly all gone, briars have grown up and taking it altogether it is a disgrace to the citizens of the town. But, there are several people here who never expect to die and don't care for any one else.

—There have been several Ohio men in this county in the last few weeks looking at lands. Some want farming lands while others seek timber lands suitable for mill purposes. There is plenty of land of either kind in the county, and as these Ohio men all seem to be clever, intelligent gentlemen, we would be glad to see a number of them settle in our midst.

—Charley Blazer was arrested yesterday and brought to town and in default of \$500 bail was placed in the county jail. Blazer is charged with obtaining two car loads of poplar lumber from G. G. Mullins, of Roundstone, under false pretenses. He is comparatively a stranger here and public opinion seems to be against him. It is whispered around that there will be several other cases of the same kind brought up against him before he gets out of this case.

—John T. Clark, a long time resident of this place, died last Friday night, at 1 o'clock, after a two weeks' illness with pneumonia fever. He was a good citizen and greatly respected by all who knew him. He was an honored member of the Masonic order and was interred with all the honors of the order. The lodges of Brodhead and London came down in goodly number to assist in the burial ceremony. The remains were escorted to its last resting place by members of the order led by the Mt. Vernon brass band. Mr. Clark leaves a wife who has the deepest sympathy of the entire community.

—Mrs. W. M. Weber and family, of Knoxville, Tenn., are visiting at Mr. H. Carpenter's. They will stay all summer. Willis Adams, Jr., and family, of Paint Lick, are visiting at Capt. Jack Adams'. Mr. J. W. Miller has gone to Louisville on a business visit. Miss Josie Pettie, of Lexington, is visiting Miss Cleo Williams, Hon. George Denby, Sr., of Lancaster, was in town during the week. Miss Sallie Whitehead has returned from a visit at Williamsburg. Miss Ida Adams is at Almonte. Miss Mamie Martin, of Brodhead, is visiting at this place. John Green is back home again.

Please excuse the late in which your cause is published and tell us the amount you owe if you are in arrears.

CURE FOR PILSES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At this time symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulence, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A medicine, however, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant.

Blow, bleeding and fuming Piles will be cured by the application of Dr. Bascom's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the toxins, killing the intense itching and allaying the painful sensations. Piles 50 cents. Address Dr. Bascom's Medicine Co., Piqua, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.—The K. C. Railroad will begin running a through line stock train on next Saturday. Will run Tuesdays and Saturdays.

—The Lawn Party given by the Juvenile Club Wednesday evening was quite well attended by the young folks, all of whom say it was very pleasant indeed.

—Col. Thos. S. Bronston, the new Collector for this district, was in Lancaster this week getting acquainted with the people. He will probably take charge of the office the first of July.

—Messrs. Sam Engleman, J. W. Miller, G. D. Burdett, J. H. Woodcock, Joe Sandifer, R. A. Burnside and J. M. Duncan composed a crowd that left for Kentucky River on a fishing excursion Wednesday morning. They took with them all necessary articles for camping out and will be away several days. None, Scott Buchanan was chief cook.

—The temperance meetings conducted by Dr. N. W. Tracy, of Mt. Sterling, continue to draw large and interested audiences at the court-house each evening, and many of the "boys" are sporting the blue ribbon. He delivers his celebrated lecture, "The Mississippi of Intemperance," at the City Hall this (Friday) evening, and will illustrate it with 129 feet of canvas. In the forenoon, at the Presbyterian church, interesting gospel meetings are held.

—Miss Jennie B. Lackey left Taurday for a protracted visit to friends in Missouri. Mrs. Nellie Crumless and son, of Kingston, Tenn., are visiting Mrs. Geo. Smith. Mrs. R. L. Grinnan, of St. Louis, is visiting Mrs. W. H. Bush. Mrs. T. H. Ellis, of Bardstown, and Mrs. Pinkie Bankofsky, of Louisville, are with Mrs. R. C. Farris who is quite ill. James Brooks, the heart-smashing Richmond dude, was in town Tuesday. Mr. A. G. Daniel and family have removed to Charlotte, N. C. and will make that place their home in the future. Miss Irene Dillon, of Crab Orchard is a guest of Miss Fannie Huston.

Booming President Jarman.

President Mark Jarman, our colored aspirant for Legislative honors, is so proud of the following letter from a friend in Paducah, that he "put up" for its publication. The old man has an abiding faith that Mr. Watterson will end him a half barrel or so of money, in which event he thinks that he can lay both Miller and Robbins in the shade.

Mr. Mark Jarman, Esq., Hustonville, Ky. Dear Sir and Friend. I have just learned with delight that you have consented to allow your name to be used as candidate to represent the proud old county of Lincoln. This is a time in our history in which we need and must have good and efficient men at the helm of the ship of State in order that she may be steered safely from the breakers of bankruptcy and come into which she has drifted under the guidance of probably well meaning but unskillful legislators. I think also that your candidacy will along fit well, one that the people of your county, in fact all over the State, have been longing and hoping about for months—a good man to represent them in the Legislature—that they now have if they will only cease this incessant clamor and go to work and elect you, which I sincerely hope they will do. I shall write my uncle and friends at Hinsdale to leave no stone unturned that will tend to secure your election. If you think it necessary I will come up and do all in my power towards rolling up the majority in your favor by making speeches, etc., in your favor throughout the county. If money is needed, judging from the tone of the papers in speaking of your candidacy, I think you will have little need of my poor assistance or any one else's for that matter. It might be well enough, however, to notify Henry Watterson, at Louisville, to order a collection to be taken up to secure aid in the election of yourself and other good men and have him to send you a half barrel or such a matter in order that you may conduct your canvass on high toned principles. With this precaution I think your opponents will stand as little show as Cole Carpenter's dog did in the renowned contest with your blue blooded canine. My regards to your friend, Mr. John Drye. Begging your pardon for consuming so much of your valuable time from your canvass, I have the honor to be Your True Friend, S. B. CALDWELL, JR.

Paducah, May 23, 1885.

N. B. I. would be glad if Mr. Henry Watterson would send me a half barrel or such a matter of money to make my race.

MARK JAHNAN.

The "John Brown Scaffold Company" has been organized in Charleston, W. Va., where John Brown was executed. The company has a capital of \$1,200, and will manufacture relics from the scaffold used in making the scaffold on which John Brown was hung. The wood is now contained in the porch of a dwelling at Charlestown, which has been purchased by the projector of the company.

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THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XL.

He is
A gentleman's call will speak more in a minute. Then bow, stand to in a month—Shakespeare.

PHILIP WENTWORTH.

It was the 1st before the picnic; Chatty was in a flutter of expectancy; she had laid out ready for the dress to be worn, examined buttons, hooks and eyes, to see that they were all right, tied and untied knots of ribbon and tripped up and down the stairs a dozen times to be sure that nothing was neglected. She declared that it would rain; it always did at a picnic, then straightway wondered if it would be a pretty day, and with her predictions of everlasting evil and wishes for everything good, had annoyed Julia no little.

"It is going to rain of course, don't you reckon it will, Julia?"

"I don't know, I hope not."

"I wonder now if it will be a pretty day? I wish it would, I declare it will be a shame if it isn't, don't you think so Julia?"

"I don't know—that is—I mean yes."

"Well, I rather believe it will be fine, look at that red sky, that's a good sign, now what do you say to that?"

"That I'm glad of it."

"Well, you don't look glad after all our looking forward to the day, you don't seem to care; what is the matter with you, are you ill?"

"Oh no, a little tired that is all, I'll be all right by to-morrow, now go down stairs and leave me a little while, that's a dear," said Julia, lying heavily down and closing her eyes as if to sleep.

"There's something the matter, she's not tired, I'm sure of that," shutting the door and going down stairs.

"Philip has something to do with this; I can see his hand. She's been looking that way ever since they took that walk yesterday evening. What can it be? he can't have asked her to marry him? No—asking her hand and screwing up her mouth in the old ridiculous way—"that wouldn't have done it I'm sure."

She went out on the veranda where Philip in Wentworth sat, smoking. At the sound of her steps he made a move as if to throw away his cigar, but changed his notion when he saw that was only Chatty. A shrewd, intelligent face that would have been handsome, but for a certain look, yet hardly defined, of dissipation and selfishness, richly dressed and indolently graceful, a gay Lothario was Philip Wentworth.

"Ah, it is you, it is Chatty," he said coolly, replacing his cigar, "where is Julia?"

"Up stairs."

"She stays up there a long time, I've hardly seen her to day."

Chatty seated herself but made no answer.

"She isn't sick in she?" he asked, looking at Chatty out of the corners of his eyes.

"No." Silence again.

"I wouldn't look so ill tempered if I were you; who don't you look lovely like Julia?"

"You might like me too well if I was, Philip Wentworth, and if it made me as low spirited as Julia is now, I'm not in a hurry for your favor. You've said something to her you needn't deny it; she's looked that way ever since you came in from that walk. Last night she was crying, I know it now, although she tried to keep me from it then. Whenever you said wasn't true, I don't care what it was and you see it's her to say it right," cried Chatty, out of breath and patience. "You needn't sit there staring at me in that way. I know you with your scheming, always looking out for self; you won't make anything at this game though, I can tell you."

Philip actually threw away his cigar, then crowing over his seat, then crowing over Chatty's side.

"Come Chatty, let's be friends; you never have been fond of me for some reason, maybe it was because I was always plain and you calling you ugly, &c., you should have known that I didn't mean it. I always thought you the sweetest cousin I had, so practical and that sort of thing, but I loved to tease you. You and I ought to get along handsomely, and would if you would only be civil. I have always advised you, to tell the truth about it."

Hawk never watched a bird as Philip, Chatty while he spoke, but no change in the invincible Chatty. She sat bolt upright looking into the yard, but what was going on in her little head Philip couldn't tell.

"There's something going wrong here," Philip continued, "I am a cousin and of course feel an alienate interest in things."

"'Oz you do, do you?" thought the bird.

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"You must help me, Chatty," came

Philip's insinuating voice, "that's a dear, tell me all that you can find out about him and, well, her too, it's necessary, you see, and together we'll see what can be done."

"And then, I suppose you think you will stand a chance yourself; well think it if it does you any good" said Chatty archly, getting up at the same time and going over to where her lutes hung in a gilded cage. "Fighting again are you?" she cried, admiringly correction to a fine looking fellow who screamed and flew up on his perch, "I can never teach you any manners!"

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